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Mrs. Cyrus Stone.

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ΑΚΡΟΓΩΝΙ… …ΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ.

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MRS. CYRUS STONE:

A

MISSIONARY;

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

BY

A FORMER PASTOR.

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1876.

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MRS. STONE.

In the year 1873, Mrs. Cyrus Stone came to Andover, Mass., to reside, and, as it proved, to die there. In 1834, then Miss Kimball, she came to Andover, a stranger, to find there, as it proved, a starting-point for her life labors. And as in 1834 her life-labors began in her going out as a missionary, so in 1873 she had come for the advantages of the Theological Seminary to her son, whom she desired to send as a missionary. Moreover, her diary in India supplies you with certain links in her home-life in America which her first journal here does not.

Miss Abigail Holt Kimball was born in Waterford, Maine, August 28, 1812. From childhood she was alive to religious impressions. "In the autumn of 1820," as her journal has it, "when I was eight years old, the sudden death of my beloved father aroused me to serious concern for my soul. Before my mother and Christian friends I was rather proud of my seriousness, but before my young companions, brothers, and sisters I was inclined to hide my feelings. It was evidently a mock religion." But in 1826, at the age of fourteen, she did come to the Saviour, and ever after faithfully followed him. She says: "I wanted to tell my friends the joy

I felt. My dear mother very soon discovered the change, and gave me much good, comforting advice. My feelings were changed from a love of sin to a love of holiness; from a desire to serve the world to a desire to serve Christ." Of her early life, we have this glimpse from her diary, away on ship-board, toward India. "My mother being left a widow when I was only eight years of age, with five children older and two younger than myself, — one born a few months after the death of my father, — my earliest recollections have been associated with pecuniary necessities, and suffering from straitened circumstances." And then she draws a conclusion: "Had I had in those days the means which I so earnestly desired for the cultivation of talent, I might have been qualified for usefulness in the world."

She went to the academy at Bridgeton, Maine; lived in the family of her minister, Rev. Mr. Douglass; attended the district school when her mother could spare her; engaged herself to Mrs. Chamberlain in Portland, in order to obtain money for tuition and books, and was treated there very kindly; went again to the academy, hiring a room, and boarding herself; took a district school for a first and second time, in her native town.

In 1833 there was a missionary meeting in Waterford. A speaker held up the wants of the West, and showed how much female teachers might do there. "When the contribution-box was reached to me by my minister, I told him I had no money, but would cheerfully and joyfully give myself." This she made a subject of prayer, and also asked, by a note to the meeting,

the prayers of the people of God that the way might be made plain to her.

Before we take her from Waterford, let it be noted that "a settlement for life" was proffered her. On her voyage to India she thus reviews the matter: "It was a long and most severe struggle; in one direction, a bright prospect, and friends urging me; in the other, a missionary life, but perfectly hedged up; no means to consummate my wishes. After many days of prayers and fastings, hope against hope, in a wonderful and unexpected manner the providences of the Lord directed the abandonment of the subject," — that is, of the offered marriage. "But whither was I directed to go? To the heathen! How astonished was I. 'Can it be? can it be?' I exclaimed."

She went from Waterford to her uncle in Rowley, Mass., "to better prepare herself for any part of the vineyard whither the Lord should direct." A number of persons became interested in her; and for the first time she was directly asked, by the wife of the minister, if she would like to engage in the cause of foreign missions.

She now goes to Ipswich to live in the family of Mr. Conant, teacher of a boys' school, to obtain means to go to the West. But her way seemed very dark before her. "Again and again, when laboring hard with my hands, as I have seen the young ladies of the Seminary pass my window, or heard them singing, or in their exercises — their school-room being very near to Mr. Conant's — have the tears flowed thick and fast. They

treated me kindly, and spoke of me to Miss Lyon and Miss Grant. Miss Lyon spoke to me very kindly, said she was going to Andover, and would see Mr. Hall to consult what would be best for me to do."

Mr. Conant receives a letter from Rev. S. R. Hall, to have Miss Kimball come there immediately, and remain awhile in his family, to see what might be the ordering of Providence.

She next had a prospect of getting a school in Harwich, on Cape Cod, — the name of Harwich will re-appear in her later life, — but she was greatly disappointed. She "knew not which way to turn, or what to do," as her journal, much at length, and very sadly tells you. She breaks out: "I am a stranger, in a strange land, friendless and alone in this wide, cold, unfeeling world. O my God, thou art here and near me! Be thou my all in all." Howbeit, there were good friends close at hand for the lone young woman, so sensitive and so aspiring.

"One evening," she relates, "Mr. Hall began to question me as to my *motives* in leaving my friends, and startled me by asking, "What would be your feelings should the going to a foreign country, as a missionary, be proposed to you? And he then requested that I should think seriously and prayerfully on the matter." Before this time she had it in her diary: "For what purpose have I come here? I sometimes look upon myself as visionary and carried away by fancy. Oh, that my way could be made clear. I am overwhelmed; I am perfectly astonished at myself that I have gone so far."

Now, in the retirement of her chamber, she says: "O my God, I come before thy throne to cry unto thee that thou wilt assist me in this examination. Have I left all my cherished early associations, and my friends, and come here, not knowing whither I was to go, *purely* out of love to Christ and the souls of men? But why now hesitate? I would not; but rather let me say, here, Lord, am I, send me whithersoever thou wilt." The next day Mr. Hall explains. He had mentioned her name to Rev. Mr. Bardwell, who was authorized by the American Board of Missions to engage an unmarried female to go out to India as a teacher.

And now, under the date of Monday, April 15, 1834, Miss Kimball makes this record: "To-day I have been called from the wash-tub into the parlor to be introduced to Rev. Mr. Bardwell. How wonderful the dealings of God's providence to me, that have brought this about by thwarting my plans and disappointing my hopes. Surely, the Lord has led me by a way that I knew not. But oh, how momentous the work proposed to me! The separation from friends would be nothing, if I felt *qualified*, by nature and grace, for the work. It is necessary for me to count the cost — to try to realize what it will be to be there among the heathen without a friend to lean upon. O Lord, wilt thou in tenderness appear for my dear mother, brothers, and sisters, and other friends, and prepare them to part with me. May they do it willingly and cheerfully. May we not suffer our minds to be distracted by anxieties and perplexities. May our hearts be stayed on God."

April 28. "The Board have decided to send me out to Bombay, to assist in the superintendence of the native female schools of the Mahratta mission. I shall soon leave my native country, to spend the remainder of my days in a land of heathen darkness and superstition. It devolves upon me to be faithful and unwearied in the great work. O God, permit me never to bring dishonor upon thy dear, precious cause! Forbid it; oh, forbid it!"

Miss Kimball now visits her native place, all alive to that trial, and to what lay before her beyond that. Waterford, May, 1834. "Rode in the stage as far as the lovely village of my native town, and walked from there, two miles, to my dear mother's humble habitation. I found the widowed mother alone in her cottage. I threw myself into her arms, and we wept for some time without being able to speak. Oh, those moments! that never-to-be-forgotten hour! But with what composure does my dear mother say that she would have me go to the heathen. I am filled with wondering love and gratitude at the dealings of God with me. A review of the scenes I have passed through since I was here seems like a vision — almost impossible to be realities. O my soul, art thou insensible to these blessings? Canst thou not love, adore, and praise, as well as wonder and admire?"

On Sabbath, May 11, she has this: "Have just returned from the house of God, never more to go up there to worship, and have probably heard my dear pastor's voice for the last time. They sung the hymn,

'Yes, my native land, I love thee!'

And the Rev. Mr. Ripley requested us to go to his sick chamber, and sing it by his bedside; but sobs and tears would scarcely permit them to sing. He then gave me some excellent counsel, and I returned for the last time to my dear mother's house."

On her way back, now, to Andover: Monday, May 12. "Seated here in this public house, surrounded by strangers, and going to strangers, and having just parted with all my near and dear friends and the scenes of my childhood and those of riper years, I do feel *alone*, desolate, and friendless. No one can have any idea of my feelings, except those who have been similarly situated. Was there ever one thus situated? The sound '*farewell*,' — and we shall never meet again in this world, — with all its solemnities, still vibrates on my ear. Never did I spend a more solemn season than last week. It seemed as the hour of death must seem — the awful realities of eternity were full in view. How very gratifying it would be could I know just now how my dear mother feels at this moment. Oh, may she not mourn without measure on my account."

Boston, Friday, May 16. "At Rev. Dr. Anderson's. Spent one day in Andover. I felt very tenderly on meeting and parting with friends there. I have received so much kindness from them that it seemed like parting with those of my native place. Rev. Mr. Bardwell, a missionary himself, says: 'Jesus will have us *feel* the sacrifice, or it will be no sacrifice to us.' So I believe."

Miss Kimball goes forth to her mission home in company of the Rev. Messrs. Graves and Munger and their

wives, Messrs. Hubbard and Abbott, teachers, with their wives, and Miss Graves. They sail May 21, 1834, in the good ship Corvo, Salem, Captain Gale. The first date she gives is May 24. "I have had many pensive yet delightful seasons on deck, viewing sky and water, and the western horizon toward my beloved native land. What prospects are now before me! How different from what they were one year ago!"

Her first sabbath at sea. "We assembled with the officers and passengers in the dining cabin, and with as many of the ship's crew as could be spared from duty, to listen to the precious gospel of Jesus Christ as proclaimed by one of his servants. Oh, that the Lord would look upon me in tender compassion, and enable me to feel for sinners on board of this ship. I must meet them at the bar of God; I must there give an account of the manner in which I have prayed for them."

Further on in the voyage. "Had some conversation with the first mate again, in regard to his personal interest in Christ. Oh, for guidance from on high to enable me to act in special reference to his soul's salvation. How important that I deal faithfully with him."

Her diary on ship-board has many a meditation on her responsibility, her unworthiness, her lack of ability for the work before her, her isolated, lone condition, her yearnings to be immediately useful to the sons of the ocean around her, and her great perplexities. But not less, certainly, does she speak of her trust in her Heavenly Father, and of the constant renewing of her consecration to the Saviour.

August 1. "Have been somewhat tried in regard to my duty in distributing tracts among the seamen. Was enabled, however, to overcome my feelings. I think that I ought not to neglect to do all in my power for the salvation of the souls of these men, even if it costs a moment's sacrifice of female delicacy. Oh that thou wilt, my kind Father, bless the reading of these heavenly messengers to the salvation of their souls."

August 2. "Again greatly tried. The question must be answered. Shall I neglect to converse with these precious immortals on board this ship because some here may think that there is an impropriety in it; or because it is a sacrifice to my delicate, shrinking nature? Now I would look to the Lord with the confiding simplicity of a child, and ask him to enable me to determine whether it is my duty to refrain from speaking to the officers of their soul's salvation, and their reconciliation to God."

August 6. "We are now beholding the wonders of the great deep; the sea and waves rushing, pitching and tossing our frail bark hither and thither, making us feel that surely it must be engulfed in the mighty abyss. But the Lord has dealt very wonderfully with us, and permitted us to behold the wonders, and to adore the Author, of this majestic scene." Soon after this she mentions a hurricane that passed so near as to endanger the ship; and then the greater danger of colliding with another ship, which they barely escaped. And now she makes this sad record: August 12. "A young man, the youngest, I believe, of the crew, fell from one of

the yards. His head struck a boom, and he was precipitated into the water. He sunk beneath the waves, and, as was supposed, never rose. We were all below, heard the loud and rapid orders, and the quick, sudden tramp of the sailors, felt the sudden tremor of the vessel as if sinking. We looked into each other's faces, pallid with fear. Soon Mother Graves, as we all call the dear, affectionate old lady, came to our relief, and disclosed the sad event. The ship was being tacked about, and a boat launched to search for the poor lad. Our first impulse was to start immediately for the deck; but 'no,' said this thoughtful mother to her children, 'wait till the boat is launched, and quietude is restored; we shall be in the captain's way.'

"Afterwards we went up, and watched the little boat in perfect suspense. Now it was mounted upon a hillock, now, seemingly engulfed, hid from our view; again, away ahead, far, far from the place where we last saw it. The frail little boat was dancing on the waves, each one of which, it seemed, must overturn the precious contents into its treacherous waters. Oh, how was I relieved when they returned, and were again safely on board. No traces of the poor boy were seen except his hat. A religious service was held in our dining-room, at which the captain and as many men as could be spared from duty were present. I trust that I shall never forget the sensations of my heart when it was said, '*a man has fallen overboard.*' He was gone — gone into eternity, without a minute's warning, to appear before his Judge. Never did the realities of eternity

seem so near, and souls so precious. Now the duty of distributing myself the tracts among the seamen is made plain. I wonder that I should, for a moment, hesitate to converse with them when an opportunity offered, even if I have been looked upon with suspicion for doing it. The deceased was one to whom, a few days since, I gave some tracts and spoke a word about his soul. As I could speak only a word at a time, I wrote several words of exhortation upon the margin of the tracts I have distributed. I had written on those which I gave him. Oh, how I should have regretted it had I allowed these feelings of delicacy and fear of calumny and reproach to prevent me from doing this for the salvation of his soul. Oh, when shall I learn wisdom, learn to care not for what man may say or think, but to act with eternity full in view, as I shall wish I had done when I meet these souls at the bar of our Judge. Oh, that the Lord may assist me in every path of duty, so ignorant am I, so imperfectly do I know what I ought to do, with no one to counsel and guide me as I need. What should I do without help from above! In all my subsequent life may the events and scenes and realities of this day be indelibly impressed upon my mind."

We come to the date of August 24. "The cheering sound of 'land in sight' fell upon our ears this morning. It was the island of Madagascar, and which appeared in the horizon, to the naked eye, no more than a cloud. How pleasant to enjoy even a distant view of soil and cultivation. It is the first heathen land my eyes ever beheld, and I probably shall never again see any coun-

tries except those inhabited by idolaters. Such reflections lead me to more earnest prayer for the conversion of the world."

August 28. "How changed the situation and circumstances under which I celebrate this birthday from any other of my life. Here I am, a fatherless, lonely child, on the restless ocean, between two great heathen nations, under the rays of the tropical sun. Twenty-two years of my short life are passed. Little did I think, only one short year to-day, that I should so much more than realize what was then the earnest desire of my heart. How great the condescension of my adorable Saviour."

Wednesday, September 3. "As we were seated at the dinner-table to-day, Captain Gale said: 'This day week we shall be going ashore at Bombay.' I looked up in astonishment. Is it possible? Nothing is now discerned but sky and water, any more than in all the one hundred and three days since we left Boston harbor. How wonderful the navigator's art! So has the Lord wafted us on in safety. To him be the praise."

We will not now detain reader or missionary any longer than the good ship Corvo does, and therefore give for name and date, "Bombay, September 12, 1834. The captain's prediction was fulfilled. The winds and waves were ordered by an unseen hand. We were going ashore on Wednesday the tenth. Quite early in the morning we saw the lofty Ghaut mountains which stretch along the coast. As we drew nearer, trees and shrubbery were seen. Then little boats began to ap-

proach our vessel, manned — for so I must regard them — by human beings, almost in a state of nudity. Fruit and vegetables were brought by the natives for sale. What strange sights on every side. Very busy were we in preparing to go ashore; but every now and then we ran upon deck to see what new scenery presented itself. On the way to the mission-house, what chattering, like blackbirds! I reclined in a palanquin, and was directed by Mrs. Graves, who understood the language. The natives raised the palanquin, took a quick step, which was kept to time, and continued that gait. How strange the sights of men, women, and children! — some decently clad, others almost nude; some basking in the sun, others under the shade of a tree; some walking under their huge umbrellas, others in the blazing sun, without any protection. Into a new world, surely, thought I, am I transported. On and on my bearers passed, revealing still more astonishing sights; till, to me, a stranger in this strange land, with no sister or brother to whom I may cling, it was too painful to behold; and, closing the doors of my palanquin, my spirits were overwhelmed within me; tears flowed abundantly from my eyes." She was aroused from this burst of emotion by the letting down of her palanquin, and was shown up-stairs in a building which she supposed to be her home, but found herself in an office with several gentlemen. But good Mrs. Graves, who had missed her from her company, hastened on to find her, and soon set matters right.

Thursday, 18th. "One week yesterday since I

planted my feet on heathen soil. Enough of the abominations and wickedness has been witnessed to increase in me an earnest desire to do them good. Should my Heavenly Father see fit to take away my life before that good be done, I shall yet rejoice that I was permitted to see their deplorable condition. May God, who called me to this field, — who had me leave mother, brothers, sisters, yea, all which is so dear to me, — take this poor fatherless child into his own tender arms. Upon his bosom I may rest this weary, worn head. In days past I have been permitted to do it as with an intimate friend, — yes, while crossing the great deep, and when my soul was often well nigh sunk within me."

But now, after a time, unexpectedly and almost suddenly, Miss Kimball has a new "perplexity," as a new favor, brought to her in providence — an offer of marriage by Rev. Cyrus Stone, a missionary there, on the ground. September 28. "Here am I again in perplexity. The Lord has sent me to this dark land, *alone* and a stranger, and only on the Lord, again, must I depend for direction in this emergency. O my Father, which is the way *thou* wilt have me walk? Oh, be pleased to take me by the hand, and lead me. Grant that the path of duty may be made plain." Subsequently she speaks out her womanly and pious heart more plainly: "Here, in this strange, far-off land, a subject has agitated my breast which fixes my destiny for life — the most important event in a young woman's history. I have had no mother, brother, or sister from whom I could obtain counsel in deciding whether to

accept Rev. Mr. Stone as my companion and friend through the journey of life, or pursue my way alone in this land of idols and of wickedness untold. Many things have greatly perplexed and disturbed my mind. Oh, how much have I longed for the counsel of my mother! Oh, how have tears been my meat day and night before the Father. The whole case has been spread before the Lord by his poor fatherless, friendless child."

Monday, October 6. "The first sacramental season on heathen shores, last eve — the Sabbath evening. I enjoyed the feast in this land of idols — the most precious in my life. There at his table my Lord was pleased to discover himself to me as a Friend indeed. Peculiarly significant and appropriate is the sacrament to me, as having just entered upon my work, and before entering into the solemn relation I am anticipating this month. My prayer is, that this may be blessed of God to my entire sanctification, and my preparation for that important relation of a missionary's wife — a matter not contemplated when I enlisted in this great work."

On the 23d of October, 1834, Rev. Cyrus Stone and Miss Abigail Holt Kimball were united in marriage. A few friends, as Captain Gale, Rev. Mr. Munger and wife, Messrs. Sampson and Bell, with their wives, Rev. Dr. Allen, and Miss Farrar breakfasted with them; and then the company repaired to the Scotch church in the fort for the marriage ceremony; the Rev. Mr. Lourie, the chaplain, officiating. Thirty Brahmin youths belonging to Mr. Stone's school were present,

having expressed a desire to see how Christian people are married.

Monday, November 3. "Last evening was the last of the Dewalla, or illuminating festival. Splendid illuminations, with decorated lamps suspended from high trees, looking like stars when seen in the distance, and hung by their houses and at the entrances of their compounds — of every variety of colors, and perhaps reflected from mirrors. But what would be the feelings of my dear friends, did they know the abominations of the Hindoos! As with the prophet of old, their eyes would run down with tears; and how would prayer be poured forth from every heart! What incalculable iniquity has been practised since the commencement of the festival! Oh, the condition of females in Bombay — sunk to the lowest degradation imaginable!"

Sabbath, 9th. "Twenty native young men came this morning to our house to read in the New Testament and receive instruction from Mr. Stone. We had not enough Testaments to supply them." Saturday evening, 22d. "Just returned from my last visit to the ship Corvo. Our missionary circle were invited on board by the captain to dine with him and officers. My heart could not fail to go out after the loved ones far, far over the trackless ocean, and the tears would come. But I was comforted that God had raised up a dear friend for me here in this distant land, that I was not to be left desolate and lonely. The dear old ship Corvo has been a connecting link between me and my beloved native land; and, somehow, America has seemed nearer while

she was in the harbor. ... Had a walk on the sea-shore with husband and cousin Cynthia Farrar. The last rays of the sun were reflected in crimson tints on the clouds of the western sky. The stars were faintly glimmering, one by one. My thoughts were raised to him who is the Author. Looking around, I saw some on my right hand, and others on my left, bowing down and worshipping, prostrating themselves upon the ground. They were Parsees, or Persian fire-worshippers. My heart was deeply moved to see one created in the likeness of him who made this beautiful world adoring the elements he has made, instead of the Maker."

Without giving dates always, let us now rapidly follow on in the life of the new and youthful missionary. "Spent the afternoon with the pundit, studying the language. Very severe headache, unfitting me for hard study, and keeping me from going with my husband to meeting. Had sweet thoughts of my Heavenly Father's gracious dealings with me in sending me to this heathen land. But, oh, I feel most deeply my unfitness for the work I have undertaken. ... Several Englishmen visited my husband's school, and breakfasted with us. One of them gave two hundred rupees for a library. Went into the Mahratta school, and heard a class of boys read in the New Testament. How I longed to have my tongue unloosed, that I might speak to them in their own language."

December 9. "My dear husband has planned a tour in the region adjoining Bombay, to visit our schools established there. The thought of the separation is

most painful. He will be entirely among the natives and strangers, obliged to sleep in their houses, or on board his boat. He is packing and preparing. May the Lord be with him, and prosper him, and return him to his family in health and safety. ... Received another letter from my dear husband, and just closed another letter to him, with many tears, fearing it would never reach him; and if it did, would not be worth his perusal, so lacking is it in the elegance of style I so much admire in others. ... Am reading Newton's letters to his wife. I admire them much. How different am I from Newton's wife. How ardently he loved her, — how worthy of his love. Reading these letters has led me to fear that I place too much dependence on my husband, — that which should be placed upon our 'Common Preserver,' as Newton expresses it. ... Both times, my letter has been returned. The disappointment is as great to me as to him. I gave vent to a flood of tears. ... Sabbath morning. A restless night, and disturbed in my dreams. But now have enjoyed another refreshing season in prayer for my dear husband, and our dear little children" — two daughters of the first Mrs. Stone, given up to go to friends in a Christian land — "for mother, brothers, and sisters in my precious native land. Had that fervor and earnestness which brought sweet peace and calm to my bosom. If my humble prayer is heard in heaven, my beloved husband will have a good Sabbath. ... Heard a class of girls read in Mahratta,— questioned them as far as my knowledge of the language would allow. How I long for the time when I can con-

verse freely and affectionately with them. ... Again perused my dear husband's journal, — wept and read, and read and wept, at this expression: 'Has my beloved wife lost her first love, that she cannot write her husband a few lines?' I must wait God's time to unfold the mystery. I have done all in my power to get the letters to him, but of no avail."

Wednesday, Dec. 24. "I had not been long seated with the pundit before some one stepped into our room. I screamed for joy, and flew to his arms, — it was, indeed, my beloved husband. We retired to pour out our hearts in prayer and praise."

Thursday. "We dined with Mrs. Hunt, widow of the late Col. Hunt. There were present, Dr. Gray and lady, Rev. Mr. Lourie and lady, Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Miss Higins, Mrs. Martinett, Miss Farrar, and ourselves. It was the first time I have been out to dine among the English. It was very pleasant to meet such a class of people, and those who take an interest in our work. ... Attended my husband's evening lecture for native young men. Questions asked showed they could think. Europeans present. ... Spent five hours studying Mahratta. With brother and sister Hubbard, we rode out to Malabar Point. Had a charming walk in the flower-garden of a rich Parsee, who every evening goes to the sea-shore to pay homage to the setting sun, however much there is here in his own premises to remind him that he should worship the one living and true God. ... Took a walk on the sea-shore, where I saw three corpses brought down to be burned, and a fourth was waiting

for interment in a mere hole in the ground. Mr. Stone preached to them there Jesus, who is the resurrection and the life."

January 28, 1835. "I find the study of the language very prostrating and wearisome, both to body and mind. I seem to make so little progress that I am almost discouraged. But I am resolved to persevere, that I may be able to speak to this people. It seems sometimes that I could not wait, and the time to labor seems so short. Oh, for the tongue of an angel, that I might speak to them of their awful peril, and point them to Jesus."

Mrs. Stone now — in February — goes on a tour with her husband to visit schools in the Concan district, in the neighborhood of Bombay. They took a bunder-boat, which is somewhat like a gondola, and went down the coast. She meets with new scenery and new scenes, with happy things and discomforts, with caste and classes, and gets a further and a new insight into the needs of the heathen, and the forms of missionary labor.

"Walked after dinner to Samuel's school, — the children attending to their lessons on the veranda. They write on a board covered with fine sand, called a partee. They commit to memory the ten commandments, and the catechism, a summary of Christian doctrines. The school, under the instruction of this Jewish teacher, who adheres to Moses, appeared quite as well as most of our common schools in America. The natives, both male and female, came to the door to take a look at me, the first white female they had ever seen, — seeming to be amazed. As we went through the village, we were fol-

lowed by the school-boys, eager to render the sahib — lord or sir — and madam sahib some service. People hastened into the dusty streets to see us, frightened children ran to the arms of their mothers, diffident females veiled themselves, and sought a place of retreat to escape observation."

She speaks also of the heathen schools. "These are quite different from the missionary schools. You will not see any girls in them. The children are seated cross-legged upon the mats on the ground around the room. The puntajee, teacher, comes to the partee and makes the image of Gunputtee, the god of wisdom and knowledge, in the sand. This god has an elephant-head and a man's body. The children then perform pooja, worship, to the figure, and invoke his help in learning to read. Do the dear children and youth in Christian lands ask the great and good God to give them wisdom, and to help them study? The puntajee now makes the first letter of their alphabet in the sand, and each child must speak it, and learn to write it on his partee, with his stick. Then they go to the next, and the next letter, till all the vowels, sixteen, and all the consonants, thirty-six, have been learned."

"When we returned to the bungalow, or bamboo cottage, we found an officer of the dewan with an invitation for an interview with him this morning at seven and one-half o'clock. A palanquin was sent.

On our arrival we were informed that the dewan, or prime minister, a very bigoted Brahmin, was performing his ablutions, and was not ready to receive us. His

officers escorted us over his grounds and through his mansion. Four or five elephants were standing under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees, chained by one foot. There were many deer, a porcupine, a monkey on a post grinning at us. The garden grounds were much neglected, had grand walks, fountain and tanks, rough seats, a mill for grain, turned by a bullock. We were now escorted to the house of the prince. In front were a multitude of armed men and horses for his body-guard. The king was seated in his hall of audience, was courteous and agreeable, and treated us very politely. He made many inquiries; as, how long had we been in this country, how we were supported, why we had come to Allabag, what my age, when we were married. He perfumed us with rose-water and sandal-wood oil. My husband conversed with him on the importance of education in his dominions, both for males and females, pointed out America on a Mahratta map prepared by our mission presented a geography, Christian books, and portions of the Scriptures."

They had a yet more formal and protracted visit in another locality, to the palace of the Raja; and Mrs. Stone was permitted to pass, "by a long distance, and through various windings, to the apartments of the queen and concubines." She was placed by the side of the queen. "The queen, with four other females and two children, was decked in silks of brilliant colors, splendidly ornamented, in gold and silver chains for their necks, and bells and diamonds, and rings in their noses, and rows of them on their fingers, a gold chain

from the rim of the ear to a gold plate on the top of the head, and bands of network for the arms and ancles. My bonnet, made of Tuscan straw, greatly interested them; and the queen asked what it was made of, and I replied, 'grass,' which was as near as anything I knew in their language. I asked the queen if she could read. 'No,' she replied. She said the gooroo, her spiritual teacher, could read to her the books I presented. She perfumed me with her own hands. . . . My husband went into the village to preach, in a grove, but a multitude so collected on the corner around us that he 'had compassion on them,' and could not leave them without preaching to them the gospel of Jesus, and distributing books among those who could read."

Thus they pass on, from place to place, meeting with a good reception, finding things for lamentation and pain, but ever rejoicing. Mrs. Stone thus concludes: "I have taken more satisfaction in this missionary tour than I should in the most splendid palace, or riding in the greatest pomp the world can afford. Every hour and moment of these twelve days have I enjoyed more than I can express. Most delightful work have we been engaged in, one in which angels would love to be employed."

February 23. "My husband received letters from his American friends: from Rev. Dr. Wisner and his brother, Dr. Jeremiah Stone. Had pleasing accounts of his dear children, now with his brother, and under the instruction of his sister. Much interest has been excited in their behalf. I do so rejoice in regard to the

little ones, endeared to me by the endeared relation I sustain to my husband. Was disappointed that no letters came from my own family friends."

"Heard a class of little native girls read and recite their lessons. Had more command of language, and could speak to them more freely than ever before; but what slow, slow progress in the language. ... Hon. S. Parish called. Lady Grant, wife of Governor Grant, had expressed a desire to see Miss Farrar and some other ladies of the mission, to converse with them on the subject of native female education, and proposed calling on us for this purpose; but he suggested that we should call on her." February 25. "Yesterday Mr. Stone, Miss Farrar, and myself were invited to dine with the Rev. Mr. Farrar, of the Church Missionary Society. After dinner called at Captain Jacob's, who was recently married to an English lady, a modest, very agreeable woman."

April 11. "Hon. S. Parish sent his shigeram for Miss Farrar and myself to call on Lady Grant. She received us very politely. She made a great many interesting inquiries about the schools for Hindoo girls. As we were about to take our leave she added: 'Call upon me if my assistance is needed. I shall be most happy to render all in my power.' She carried none of the repulsive haughtiness which we sometimes meet with from ladies of rank."

April 17. "Good Friday: observed here by Catholics and Episcopalians. Most impressive and solemn thoughts were stirred within me as I entered the

Catholic church. But the influence of the Roman Catholic religion on the Hindoos is exceedingly pernicious. They say: 'Look at those who bear the name of Christian; how much better are they than we are? They have their images in their temples, their crosses on the corners of the streets; they kneel before them, and worship them; they drink darac and get intoxicated, which our religion condemns.'"

April 18. "My dear husband had two dozen leeches applied to his side. He is quite weak; could not go into his school. The result we know not. I would be submissive." April 19. "Mrs. Wilson died this morning. From her first attack she seemed to have a presentiment of her speedy departure; had set her house in order, and looked with joyful feelings for the hour of her release. She had precious antepasts of heaven on this side of the grave. She glorified her Saviour in suffering and in death. Brother Sampson, brother and sister Hubbard, Miss Farrar, my husband and myself, from this mission, followed her remains to the place of interment. Oh, that we who are left may be up and doing.... Have been quite unwell; unable to study with vigor of mind; severe headache and bowel complaint this morning; quite prostrated."

May 9, 1835. "Lemager, our Hindoo inquirer, gives us much encouragement that he has met with a change of heart. He brought a written request to be baptized. He seems desirous to preach Christ to his countrymen."

July 28. Mr. Stone took me to call on a Parsee merchant, the wealthiest merchant in Bombay; our

object in calling being one and the same as our object in living among the heathen. We would learn his views on the subject of educating the native females, and of elevating them. We found him ready to converse freely, and he even expressed the wish that it might become the *custom* to have their females educated. And we have resolved to call on all the higher classes of natives to whom we can get access. We feel that these classes have been too much overlooked in this great matter."

August 28, 1835. "My birth-day, — twenty-three years of age. What an unprofitable servant! How can any of my poor attempts to serve God and do good to poor women in this dark land be acceptable to him?"

October, 28. "My dear husband continues very feeble. His physicians say he must leave Bombay as soon as possible for a sea voyage, perhaps to Ceylon. It is not yet decided whether I shall accompany him or not. Oh, how painful that he must leave his field of labor! How sad for me to go away from my missionary work, just commenced, or to remain behind, and let him go alone. The brothers and sisters of the mission, to whom I am very much attached, will be very kind to me, I have no doubt; but they cannot be like own brothers and sisters to me here alone in this idolatrous city. Brother Allen is not well; brother Sampson very sick, and never to be any better. O Lord, we are afflicted on every hand! Hold thou us up, or we shall fall under thy chastening hand. Oh, prepare us for thy holy will!"

Sabbath, January 17, 1836. "Sweetly resigned. Can say, it is *well* that I did not accompany my dear husband, and thus be separated from my blessed work and labors of love for the poor heathen women of Bombay, and for whose salvation I left my beloved mother and friends."

February 5. "Suckaba called to say a dancing girl wished to send her daughter to my school. I doubt as to what is duty. Am anxious to take the child to do her good, but have fears of its offending others, and thus break up the school. For advice, called on Mrs. Munger and Mrs. Hubbard; but they were as much in doubt as myself. They will ask their husbands, and let me know their opinion."

February 10. "The sisters held their weekly prayer-meeting at brother Munger's. The season was a precious one to us all. I would spend the prime of my life and old age in active, earnest labors for Jesus in this dark land, and *fall* — yes, die in the field. Here, where were planted the feet of our first American missionaries, in the memorable year of 1812, — the year in which I was born, — I pray that my bones may be permitted to rest, with the sable daughters of India, beneath their tall cocoa-nut trees."

Mr. Stone returned in May from Ceylon, with health improved, but not wholly restored, and at once entered upon both former and new undertakings.

Here is another phase of missionary life, of its economy and benevolence. "We were already supporting three children from our small stipend, — could we

take two more? We were not long in deciding. We could trust the Lord for curry and rice for these poor little orphans who could not get enough to eat at home. We thought of their precious souls. We took the dear children into the bunder-boat with us. They had no caste to lose, and so could eat with us. They wished us to be their father and mother, and we let them call us papa and mamma. When Mr. Stone was taken ill, I noticed that they went quite frequently behind the screen in a corner of the room. Kneeling, and with clasped hands, they were 'asking God to make papa well, for we are sorry that he is sick, and want him to attend prayers again.' In the singing at family prayers they would chime in with their sweet voices. They were very affectionate, never quarreled, and were very obedient to what we required of them. The little boy sickened and died. He died happy, rejoicing in Christ, the children's friend."

And one more phase of missionary work and fruit we give. November 28, 1840. "Two Brahmin youths, from Nasik, fourteen and sixteen years of age, came to see us to-day. Oh, how joyful the meeting. The youngest is one at whose mother's house I had so interesting a visit when I was residing in Nasik. They date their religious impressions from the instructions they had received from Mr. Stone, — one of them having been supported by him in school. They have been the objects of many prayers, tears, and efforts. And now, as Simeon of old felt, let me depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the conversion of a few of those for whom we have travailed in birth."

Mrs. Stone records the above, as will now appear, under the pressure of the feelings with which she is about to leave India.

"Sabbath, November 29. This is the last Sabbath I ever shall spend in this land of darkness. Oh, how sad the thought! Mr. Stone assembled Mr. Larkins' servants and our own household, and had service with them, all in the native tongue. My feelings were too exquisite for utterance. I could give vent to them only in sighs and tears. It is here I have spent the prime and vigor of my youth, and the strength of my days. I return now to my native clime with a broken down constitution, and with no other prospect before me than to drag out a few years in depressing disease. But how exulting the thought that this has come upon me in the service of my crucified, glorified, adorable Redeemer. When I feel my body racked with pain, I will look away to him, and say, 'it is for thee I suffer, it is for thy dear cross and kingdom, it is for the salvation of the poor pagan Hindoos.' Am I not willing to do this? Oh, yes; and much greater than this. It is for my Saviour that I now embark again on the mighty ocean, hoping to recover my health, that I may again, in some humble way, labor for him. Then, why these pangs and tears. But, blessed Saviour, keep those whom thou hast chosen from among this heathen people from falling away, from denying their faith and their covenant engagements, and so dishonoring thee and thy holy cause. Oh, may the seed we have been enabled to sow spring up unto eternal life. Water with thy grace what we have scattered

with our tears and prayers. Finally, blessed Lord, I commend unto thee this great city, which is so soon to melt from my view; this pagan land, the voices of whose inhabitants will soon die upon my ear, and the din of whose idol temples will be lost in the distance. But have mercy on them, I beseech thee, that the glorious period soon be ushered in when they shall all be converted unto thee!"

Tuesday, December 1, 1840. "Rose at five o'clock. Had family prayers with Mr. Larkins, in his hospitable mansion, and with the children who have been under my instruction for three or four years, they singing,

'Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.'

"Mr. Larkin led us in prayer, but at times was so much affected that he could scarcely speak. Oh, how heart-rending was the parting with those dear girls, the young Brahmin converts, who look upon Mr. Stone as their spiritual father; and the pagan Hindoos beneath whose shadowy trees I had hoped to lay my bones, and to mingle my dust with the ashes of their funeral pile! Alas! this privilege is denied me! How mysterious the providence! I must bid them all a last farewell. The wheels of the carriage that took us to the wharf rolled, alas! too swiftly. I cried, 'Why not allow the suffering invalid a few more opportunities of speaking to those deluded heathen of a Saviour, and of his dying love?' But I can pray for the conversion of the Hindoos still. I can water by my prayers the seed already sown."

She embarks on board the ship Brenda, Captain Smith, bound for Salem, U. S., to touch at Zanzibar and St. Helena. "On our arrival at the bunder-boat we found Captain Ward, a passenger, Mr. and Mrs. Hume, Mr. Burgess, and Miss Webster, who had come to take leave of us. The chair was let down, and myself and infant in my arms were raised over the side upon the deck, where I was met by Captain Smith, who bade me welcome on board the Brenda. I cast many a long, lingering look upon that heathen land, and, with a bitter sigh, bade it a last farewell. But, if it please God, may I return to this heathen land to persuade the Hindoo to become reconciled to God. Oh, how delightful the employment! What could be more desirable? Let my last expiring breath be spent in this work. Amen and amen!"

We pass over the ocean with Mrs. Stone faster than "the swift ships," for I have no record of her experiences on her way home, save that of an impending shipwreck close by home. Her date is April 22, 1841. At sundown they were off Salem harbor, in sight of "half-way rock." The Brenda fired her guns, but no pilot appeared. "We were obliged to tack ship, and turn our course again into the great deep. As Captain Smith measured so carefully on his chart again and again, we observed him to shake his head and appear in great agitation. Captain Ward came to his help. At length he said: 'We are in a dangerous position. When we have run on this tack to Scituate, if we are not nearer the land than I think we are, we shall clear

it; but if the wind should rise, and all appearances are that it will, — and it did rise, — there is no help for us at Scituate, or in attempting to tack ship into Boston harbor.' Upon this, in my feeble health, my frame commenced trembling like a paralytic, and my mind was in a state of agitation. We immediately retired to our state-rooms, and poured out our hearts before God. In reflecting upon the past, my hope and consolation was in clinging to mercy and pardon. My labors in the service of the Redeemer had not the least appearance of merit, and deserved no reward. And I prayed that, if the Lord had anything more for us to do and suffer, our lives might be spared; and we there consecrated ourselves anew to his service. Our petitions were also drawn out in a peculiar manner for the officers and crew. The seamen were called aft, and told of the danger. The anchors were loosened, that they might be dropped without delay, and the carpenter was ordered to have his axes ready to cut away the masts, or cut the cables, in case of necessity. But about two o'clock it was announced that we were out of danger. Oh, what a thrill of joy it sent through my soul! Oh, what cause of thanksgiving to God! We retired to our state-room to return thanks for his merciful deliverance."

In the same year of their return to America, Mr. Stone engaged in home mission work, in the field of Bingham and Solon, Maine. He was subsequently occupied in the four different parishes, in Massachusetts, of Harwich, Saugus, East Bridgewater, and Beechwood. Between the last two engagements, or from 1850 to

1862, he resided in Melrose, as publisher from his press in Boston, of "The Happy Home," and "The Mother's Assistant." Mrs. Stone wrote for these to a limited extent. I knew him at that time as a good parishioner — nor is it always easy for a minister to make a good parishioner — and as a faithful man in the church and in the Sabbath-school. He reported well at the monthly concert, on missions, and remarked well. Mrs. Stone was still a missionary in spirit and effort. She not unfrequently reproduced her life abroad by exhibiting idols she had brought home, and appearing in India costumes. "Mrs. Stone was fond of being surrounded by her idols," her husband said. She had a cabinet of Hindoo and India articles.

Two of their children, Elizabeth, at the age of fourteen, and Cyrus, twelve, joined the Congregational church in Melrose on the same day; while of the other two, James was already a member, and Mary became a communicant in the Episcopal church in Melrose.

Of Mrs. Stone's way and methods in Harwich, a lady parishioner there has given us some account. "My rides with Mrs. Stone in Harwich to search out the poor, and to reach the children, in Saugus, Melrose, and Beechwood, with my visit in Andover, will be remembered with the deepest interests of my life. It was a new thing for our minister to keep a horse; but his was truly a missionary horse. Mrs. Stone soon learned to thread all our by-roads through the woods that covered so large a part of our parish; visiting those families that did not belong to our meeting, or to

any meeting, and showing a kindly interest in their temporal welfare, as in their spiritual, and teaching us the true way of preaching the gospel to the poor. Every child of a poor family became known to her, and learned to love her, and to love the Sabbath-school. They were furnished with clothing which she had taught the children of the sewing-circle to mend or to make over, and which she had begged in her visits among the wealthier families. Her life in India had given her an inexhaustible fund of story and description for the young people whom she gathered at her house when unable to go out, and for the older members of her parish, or whoever had the good fortune to listen to her, and inspect her cabinet of Hindoo articles illustrating the every-day life of the heathen boys and girls. It was thus she taught us how to live, and what to live for."

Another correspondent, the wife of Rev. Mr. Tucker, thus refers to Mrs. Stone, at Harwich: "We resided at the time in Chatham. It was through Mrs. Stone's suggestion and advice that I formed a maternal meeting in our parish, the first one they had ever had, and which proved to be quite a large and interesting one. Well do I remember how Mr. Stone remarked: 'My wife is a woman of prayer.' And her very countenance indicated that she was no stranger at the throne of grace."

But we must hasten on in this narrative, — and to BEECHWOOD, a marked centre of Mrs. Stone's labors, as of the ministry of Mr. Stone, — and of which I had

good opportunity to judge from my being settled at the time in the adjoining town of Scituate.

The village of Beechwood lies in the southwest corner of the township of Cohasset, and on the borders of Scituate, Hingham, and South Scituate. The people of the whole region had been without any house of worship, or steady place of worship; and young men and young women grew up to be heads of families without the habit of attending church anywhere. Rev. Mr. Stone and family removed from Melrose to Beechwood in 1862. Mrs. Stone, though much younger than her husband, had long been in feeble health, but she kept about, doing good in many a form, with an interest and an earnestness that never flagged. For four years worship was now held there in a hall. Meantime, efforts were made to build a house of worship, and on this wise it was that the corner-stone thereof was prophesied and laid. A pious wife and mother came to reside in Beechwood. She felt the desolations; and resolved on a season of forty days of prayer and fasting. She thus sought, first, that there might be given to them the stated preaching of the gospel; second, that a church might be organized; third, that a house of worship might be built. She covenanted to give toward the house a tenth part of her extra earnings; and now, and there, did cast in a *three-cent piece*. "Three years after," as Mr. Stone expresses it, "light began to break, and the first petition of her heart was answered by the establishment of stated preaching in Beechwood," — by Mr. Stone's coming. "Eighteen months passed, and

the second petition was granted by the formation of a church. Two years after the church was formed, the third petition of that memorable season of fasting and prayer began to have its accomplishment in the movement of the church and people to obtain funds for a meeting-house."

Immediately after the organization of the church, the good woman put into the hands of her pastor a purse containing thirty-two dollars and forty-two cents; in three cent pieces, half-dimes, dimes, cents, quarters, and one gold dollar. At length, the minds of the people were stirred up to build. The Norfolk conference came generously to the rescue. The canvassing by Mr. Stone, now "the aged," and feeble, was indefatigable, contributing much to wear him out utterly. On the 15th of January, 1867, "the welcome sound of the church-going bell was heard, for the first time, at Beechwood," calling willing throngs to the dedication of a fine house of worship, — eight years that very month, from the consecration of the *three-cent* piece. Well did the preacher, the Rev. James H. Means, before announcing his text, thus start off. "The day long looked for has come. The prayer of faith, after long waiting, is answered."

And let it here be noted, — that just as the audience, at the close of the services, were about to sing the doxology, deacon Bailey of the Baptist church, Scituate, rose and said: "It seems to me that we could sing the doxology better if the debt against the house were first wiped out." The suggestion was immediately adopted, and by varied forms, the debt, four hundred dollars, was

cleared off on the spot. Rev. Mr. Means led us in a prayer of thanksgiving, and then all joined in the doxology, —

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

In all these periods and changes, Mrs. Stone failed not to round out her own particular sphere of duty and labor. Considering her feeble health, and her wretched headaches, you would say, that she went all beyond expected duties and services. In hardship and suffering, through good report and evil report, in economy and straits, by prayer and fasting, active abroad and sadly confined at home, with great peace, satisfaction, and success, with joy in harvest as with hope in planting, she held on her way as under the eye and the very smile of her Saviour.

A parishioner, Mrs. C. L. Litchfield, thus writes: "Mrs. Stone held a female prayer-meeting on each Wednesday, and many a mother can testify that it was a stepping-stone for her heavenward. She loved to speak of her work in India, and to relate incidents of heathen life, — to tell of their dress, manners, and customs. The last time she visited us, she exhibited some of the idols the heathen worship. While she lived in Beechwood, she used to ride from house to house like a true missionary, speaking to every one of the love of Jesus. When weary and sick, I have heard her say, — I am travelling to that land where the inhabitants shall not say, 'I am sick.' She was alone much; yet not alone, for the holy Comforter was with her."

Here belongs an incident as to period, 1864, which I find in the "Missionary Herald." Says the editor: "Did all feel as felt the writer of the following note, which was sent a few days since with a five-dollar gold piece, as 'the invalid's mite,' — worth when received $12.40 in currency,— the treasury would soon be relieved"; and he then quotes from the unmentioned writer, Mrs. Stone. "This trifle was presented for private, personal comfort. But I said, 'No. The funds of the Board *must not* come short.' This money, which was to give to the invalid some few of the comforts, — to her they would be luxuries of life, — must he given up before I can hear that the glorious cause of missions is obliged to retrench. With this little sum goes forth the earnest prayer to him whose is the silver and the gold. May the God of heaven unlock the sealed hearts of those whose treasures are counted by tens of thousands."

Mrs. Stone kept an account of the calls she made in the parish, with brief hints, for her own use, as to families and persons. She notes gifts to her, however small. These are specimens: "Six sweet apples," "two pumpkins," "one loaf-cake," "a squash," "flowers," "two mackerel," "roots," "a quart of milk," "ten potatoes to plant," "one pound of fresh butter;" and the names of a great many parishioners,— are they not thus gratefully and honorably recorded? And then looking upwards, she exclaims: "I bless the Lord for his great mercies." She has entries like these: "Had M. S. Bates' horse, and Mr. W. Bates' carriage, to make calls." "Mr. Pratt sent a horse that Lizzie might ride out." "Rev.

E. P. Dyer sent his son to take my husband home from his exchange at Weymouth. How kind." "Cranberry pie for Lizzie." "Quart of cranberries to Lizzie." "Mr. W. Bates took Cyrus to ride in Scituate." "A pie for Lizzie." "He took Lizzie to Hingham to spend the day." "Mrs. B. Pratt sent a bouquet of flowers to Lizzie."

And now, who was this Lizzie? The family knew, friends knew, and all Beechwood people knew; but the time has come to speak of this sick and fading daughter. Fatally touched by consumption before she came to Beechwood, she yet supplemented, richly, the labors and capabilities of her father and mother. She did this, in household cares and duties, in the sewing-circle, in fairs and social gatherings for the help of the parish, in the Sabbath-school concert,— for which she so faithfully prepared, at her home, her own class, — by her musical powers, by her comely, bright presence, and her winning, persuasive ways. She lived, whilst she lived, on the gospel, as for it, and failed not to bear it in private to the individual soul. As a young girl, before she went to Beechwood, I knew her to go about duty, whatever it might be, in remarkable negation of self. Her riper piety flowed out of her heart without her seeming to know that she had any. When hopelessly confined to her bed, she would have some light work by her, to take a few stitches as she could, — which showed her household traits, — but better, she had words of salvation for those who came in. For herself she had still the feeble voice of singing and praise. Sleepless by

night, she prayed for the people of Beechwood, often keeping their names before her in alphabetical order.

At her last concert she had selected "The Better Land." The children sang three verses, while she played. To their questioning she then sang the reply:

"Not there, not there, my child."

Says one present: "Her bright eyes grew brighter; the hectic flush on her cheeks deepened, and a beautiful smile rested upon her countenance. I thought I never saw any one look so lovely."

Her father now writes me, cheerfully sad: "I regret to say that dear Lizzie has been more ill for a fortnight past. She has the symptoms of the last stages of consumption. How long her earthly tabernacle will be dissolving our God only knows. We bow in submission to his will, consoled with the assurance that when she is absent from the body she will be present with the Lord. Pray that it may be so."

During her last night her father said: "Lizzie, you are almost home." Her reply was: "Yes, father." Her mother repeated, slowly:

"While on his breast I lean my head,"

and the dear, sainted daughter whispered:

"And breathe my life out sweetly there."

"Sweetly there!" These were her last words. After awhile her father said, "Let us give thanks for her release," and then poured forth his soul in prayer.

She selected and left a piece for her class to sing at the concert next after her death —"Meet me in Heaven."

She had felt that she should not live till the church could be completed, but thought the vestry would be ready for her, and that the very first service held there would be her funeral. So it proved. It was a re-dedication of the house of worship — a fresh and fitting consecration. So the people sacredly felt it — young men and maidens, old men and Sabbath-school children, people from abroad, as from Beechwood.

In a few months after, her father, and their pastor, was buried from the same church, and laid by them by the side of her grave. With age upon him, he had willingly worn himself out in his Master's service. Friends and the community mourned him, as they could not but always have honored him; and yet Beechwood knew not how he had sacrificed himself for their sake, — how he had died that they might live. Blessings on the memory of the pastor and the missionary, foreign and home, the Rev. Cyrus Stone.

The widowed mother removed to Neponset, Massachusets; and her son sought, elsewhere, to prepare himself for college. Rev. Clark Carter, then of Neponset, writes thus: "Her life flowed on without a ripple. I distinctly recall my visit to her as a season of nearness to God, and have ever since remembered her as patiently waiting on the Lord. I shall never forget, what I understood at the time had been her custom for years, the observance of Wednesday afternoon as a season of special prayer. Almost always a little circle of prayerful Christian ladies gathered in her room for an hour of converse with God." In the spring of 1869 Mrs. Stone

removed to Williamstown, for the sake of her son in the college there. By the graceful favor of Professor Albert Hopkins, she spent the winter as a guest in his family; because he feared that her tenement would not be comfortable to do her work in. This reminds us of what Rev. Dr. Field said, *in memoriam*, of the professor: "He was always befriending some poor student, counselling him, and helping him to get an education — perhaps sons of missionaries, whom he had taken to his home as his own sons, whom he had weleomed to his house and heart."

As ever, Mrs. Stone toiled hard in her Williamstown life, in all the forms of her toil, and that in spite of increased feebleness and suffering. When too feeble to be about the house, — bolstered up in bed, or half-reclining on her adjustable India lounge, — she would spend hours in writing for the press, for maternal meetings, — in which matter she was particularly at home and like herself, — and for mission-circles, or in keeping up her correspondence. She spent hours in prayer, and nights of prayer, and had a not infrequent day of prayer and fasting. When her terrible headaches were upon her, as I have heard her say, it was a pleasant kind of diversion and relief to occupy her time and thoughts in prayer; as it was, for the time, her only way of service — whether at even or at midnight or at the cock-crowing or in the morning. She sought the guidance and help of our Father in respect to little things, as in great things. There was nothing too small for this.

But, whether from her home in Williamstown, or residing elsewhere, she addressed meetings of the Woman's Board, missionary bands of children, Sabbath schools, pleading for her sex in India, and inviting young women to give their bloom and vigor to rescue and elevate their sisters there. The Secretary of the Woman's Board is pleased to give this extract from an account of one of their early meetings. "The meeting was addressed by Mrs. Cyrus Stone; and it was affecting to listen to her voice, as she sat there, too feeble to stand, pleading in earnest tones the cause of the heathen women, whose degradation she herself had witnessed. Her testimony in regard to the personal enjoyment resulting from missionary labor made a deep impression, and none doubted her sincerity when she added, that, had she a thousand lives, they should all be devoted to the work she loved so much. ... It was at her suggestion," she adds, "that a concert of prayer was started for missionary mothers."

When Mrs. Stone went from her home, wherever her home was, she took her covered cuscus basket of idols, dresses, photographs of persons and scenes in India. She appeared thus in Dr. Carruther's vestry, Portland, only the summer before her death. As Mrs. Charles Smith of Andover said of her: "The peculiarity of Mrs. Stone consisted in the freshness and enthusiasm of her feelings. People would say, 'How long has she been back from India?' And on being told, would express astonishment, and add, 'It seemed so fresh to her, I thought she had not been back long.'"

Take an illustration further back. She writes to the Life and Light: "I have an intense longing to become a life-member of that blessed 'Woman's Board of Missions.' Earnestly have I prayed for the means whereby I might. Should the question arise, why I am so anxious, I reply: Before my marriage, in the bloom of youth and strength of my days, I gave myself to the work in India. I went out, not knowing one with whom I was to be associated till a week before we sailed. Bidding farewell to a widowed mother, for seven years I saw none of my former acquaintances, or met any one who knew my relatives. So earnestly is my heart engaged in the zenana work in India, and the salvation of the women in the dark lands of heathenism, that my thoughts by day and dreams by night are with them. Scarcely have I given up the long-cherished hope that my grave might be made beneath the tall cocoa-nut trees of that land of idols. My heart thrills with joy when I hear of one and another giving themselves to the Heaven-inspired cause! It is with difficulty I realize that I am not young and strong as in 1835, when I entered the glorious work, so great is my desire to be again engaged in it.

"Enclosed pleased find a gold dollar, sent me a short time since by a former parishioner, to procure delicacies so needful to an invalid. But, dear friends, it is too precious to be used in that way. Jesus, who sits over against the treasury, can multiply it a thousand fold; and so, this morning, bolstered with pillows on my bed, and about to write you, I again took it in my hand,

and reconsecrated it to his holy cause. I asked him, as I could not speak to the poor Hindoo women myself, to use this gold piece for the salvation of some one of those idol worshippers, who might become a star in his crown of rejoicing in the glorious day of his espousals."

Mrs. Stone leaves the college town for the theological seminary in Hartford, in which her son spent a year. I have no account of the manner of her life there. It is to be noted as a serious and sacred juxtaposition of events and interests, that the Rev. Dr. Bodwell had offered to furnish an account; but a daily Boston paper, at this very point in the narrative, has this announcement: "Rev. Dr. Joseph Bodwell of Hartford, late Professor in the Theological Seminary in that city, died this week, after a short sickness, at Mount Desert."

It must have been in her going from Hartford that she helped to extemporize a side meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions at New Haven, October 3, 1872. The good women were coming in numbers, and going away because they could not get into the church, — Mrs. Stanley among them, who was fresh from her persecutions and a mob in China, and who was expected to address the meeting. Mrs. Stone secured the opening of a room for her and the out-door audience, and showed the new-comers in. The published account is: "When the capacious North Church was filled to overflowing by nearly two thousand ladies, the vestry below was opened, and another congregation gathered, which was addressed by Mrs. Stone, formerly a missionary in India, and Mrs. Stanley of the North China mission."

The eyes of her son having failed him somewhat, as far back as his college course, Mrs. Stone had entered into his studies there, read his lessons to him, metaphysics not excepted; and then again at Hartford, and now at Andover, whither she removed directly from Hartford, she was accustomed to render the same kind of assistance. She seemed to take as much interest in mental and moral philosophy and in theology as any young student. "It was only the night before she left me," the son writes, "that she read to me my notes of Professor Phelp's lectures. I depended on her for my information from the papers, and at noon of the very day she 'fell asleep' she read to me from The Congregationalist."

For it did come to pass that she very suddenly "fell asleep"! But in her case, was not that sudden death an event as happy as this Scripture expression is beautiful and pertinent? Why would you have her linger in suffering, or linger at all? Why detain her? She had glorified God in suffering already, and now she glorifies him in that manner of sudden death. Why should very affection detain her? All had been done, in all the years, that affection could do, on the one side and on the other. Why detain her? Detain her from her rest, her reward, her home, her new service, all in heaven!

A kind and watchful Providence did not detain her. It was the "week of prayer." She had taken a deep interest, — you could not call it an unusual interest, — day by day, in the several objects of prayer, and had

gone to some of the Seminary meetings, On Saturday she was so anxious to have her son attend the morning meeting, that she prepared his breakfast earlier than usual. On this last day of that feast, observed in India, in Beechwood, in Bingham and Solon on the Kennebec, having set her house in order for the Sabbath, just at the twilight hour — that hour always sacred with her for meditation and special objects of prayer — she entered upon her eternal sabbath rest, to spend it with the redeemed out of Beechwood, and from the banks of the Kennebec, and out of India.

The particular circumstances of her death were these. Having done an unusual day's work, she sat down to tea, her son having already taken his. A tramp came to the door, she let him in, and gave him meat, at which he was much pleased, and in which she also took satisfaction. Immediately after he left she had a turn of nausea, to which she was subject, but, throwing up the windows, she retired to the sitting-room to finish her tea. The son had taken his outside coat, to go to the post-office, but just then he heard her call his name. As he turned, her head was fallen back. Alarming the family in the other part of the house, they laid her on her India lounge, but he could not draw a word from her — that last word which he so much desired — or any sign. In about an hour she was gone. It was considered to be a case of apoplexy, to which she had always had a tendency, from having received a sunstroke in India. She died January 9, 1875.

Funeral services were held, January 14, in the chapel

of the Andover Seminary; Rev. Dr. Taylor conducted them, and read from the Scriptures. A hymn followed, sung by the Lockhart quartette. Rev. Mr. Sessions, a former pastor, made a brief address. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Carter of Lawrence, also a former pastor. Then was rendered, as a voluntary, and in an appreciative way, the hymn,

"Asleep in Jesus! blesséd sleep!"

The body was borne to Beechwood. Appropriate services were held there on the following day, in which all the people took the deepest interest. "On the 15th of January, 1867, the new bell rang, in joyful peals, to call the people to dedicate our house of worship. On the 15th of January, 1875, it tolled its funeral notes for Mrs. Stone."

She was buried in the new cemetery in Scituate; and which chances to look out over the waters and the rocks of Minot's Ledge, that had once been the great peril of her lifetime. There they buried her, by the side of her husband, and of their daughter Elizabeth.